









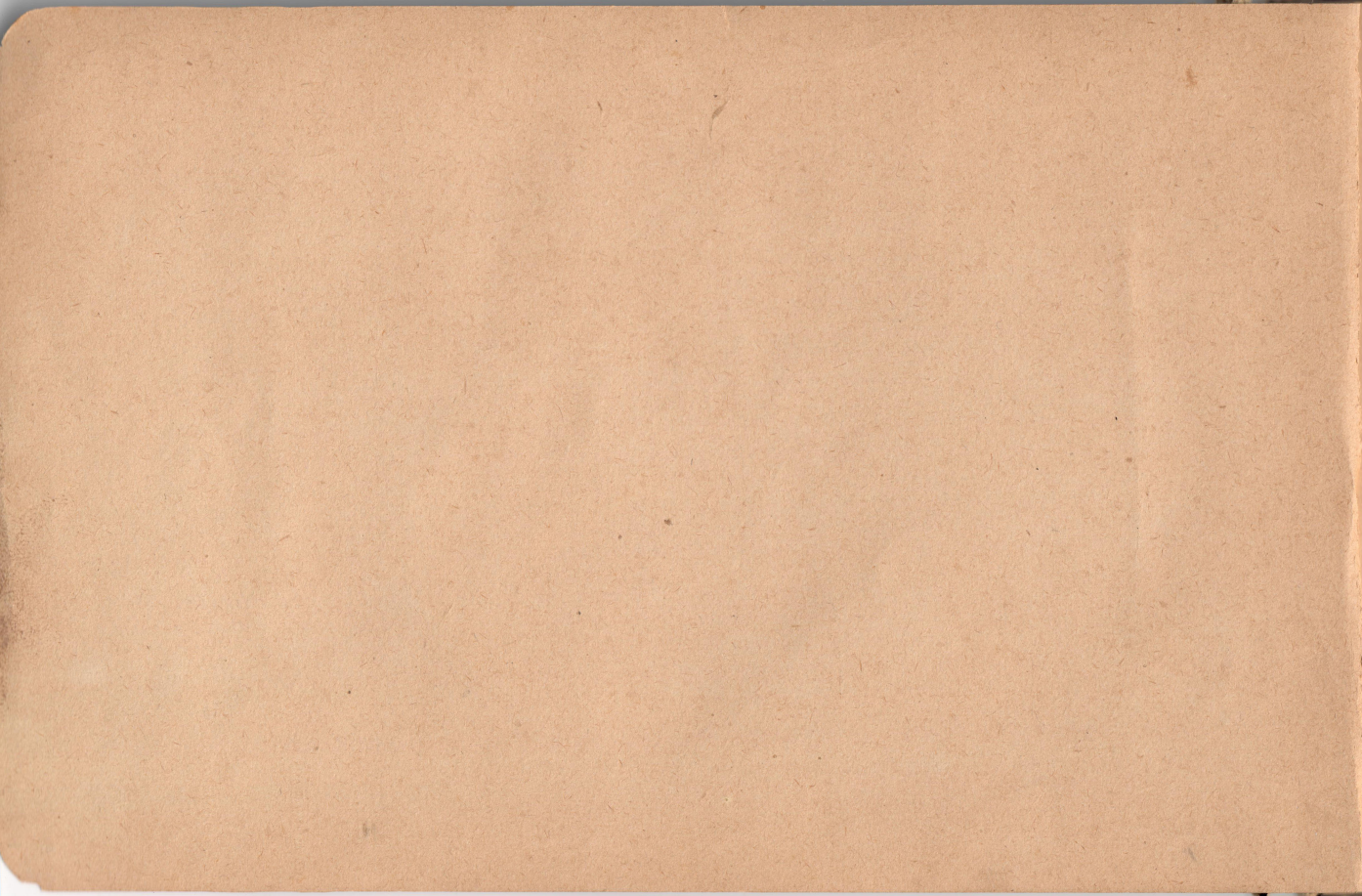
Miss Laura D. Glass,

Concord.

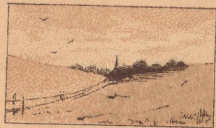
Jan. 4th. 1890.

N. C.









# THE HOUR

With warning I mark times rapid flight.  
From life's glad morning to its solemn night.  
Yet through the dear God's love I also show  
There's light above me by the shade below.

Whitier



Dear Friend

I have just received your letter of the 11th inst. and am glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this finds you the same. I have not much news to write at present.

Yours truly,  
J. J. [Signature]



Dear Friend, Laura,

Remember the Sunday eve of September 189, & that briefactions wrongly restored are in the end malefactions.

Your true friend,  
Willis A. Deane.

Chimney Grove, N. C.,  
Sept. 26<sup>th</sup> '90.





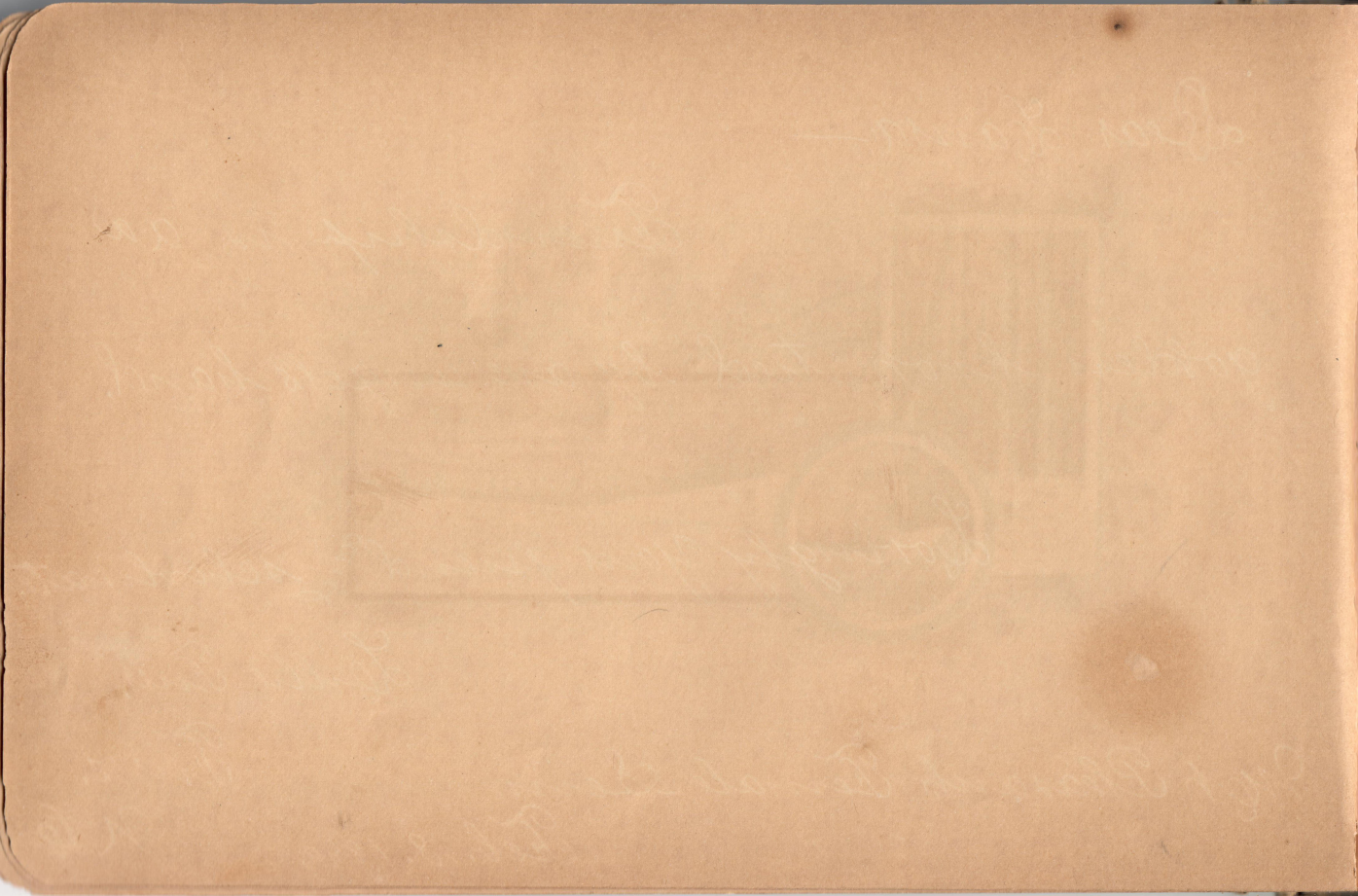




"The moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood."

Whittier





Dear Lanza—

Friendship is a  
golden knot tied by an angel's hand.

Lovingly your friend & schoolmate.

Willie Furr,

Wich Pheasant Female Sem.,

Furrs,

Feb. 8. 1890,

N. C.



Friend Laura

May your life be  
One ray of Sunshine.

Your Friend

Buenos Aires  
South America

G. T. Crowell

June 23<sup>rd</sup> / 90

Dear Laura;

"May God's mercies ever guide thee,  
Safe o'er all his thorny roads,  
And his grace, what e'er betide thee;  
Lead thee to his own abode."

Wilmington N.C.  
Jan. 14 - 1890

Your friend  
Louise Baypler





Life is a leaf of paper white,  
Whence each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes night.

Greatly begin! though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime.  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

Yours cordially,  
-28-78. Eliza Bell's Sister







I block the roads, and drift the fields with snow;  
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen,  
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,  
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

Longfellow



My dear Laura:-

May peace "sweet peace" forever shine,  
Where'er thy lovely smiles may stray:  
And ever light those eyes of thine,  
With Hope's bright lurid, gentle ray.

And may the chilling hand of Time,  
Ne'er write upon thy smiling face:  
Nor dark misfortune's cloud ne'er come  
Thy artless beauty to erase.

And when life's fitful dream is past,  
And ends its mortal joys below:

May thy pure soul ascend at last,  
Where joys immortal grow.

Mt. Pleasant F.S. Your loving friend,  
Jan. 10. 1890. Amanda Wincoff.



Dearest Laura:-

"Many spend their lives in pleasure,  
Others strive some work to do,  
May you labor for our Master,  
In his vineyard a helper too,  
And when we have crossed the river,  
To that bright and happy shore,  
May we all then meet together,  
On that bright and heavenly shore."

Mt. Pleasant, N.C.  
Jan. 10. 1890.

Most Sincerely,  
Janie Kirkicoff.









The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Gray



Dear Laura.

"I would thornless roses  
might ever bloom along thy pathway  
and that their sweet perfume might  
whisper to thee of the unchanging  
friendship of her who traced these lines

At Pleasant, N.C. Your loving friend,  
Lillie Blackwelder.

Jan. 17. 1890.

Miss Laura:

"The pearls that most adorn the youth,  
Where'er by fortune driven,  
Are friendship, virtue, love, and Truth  
These pearls, they wear in heaven.  
Let these adorn thy youthful brow,  
In all thy way through time,  
And though affliction's storm may blow,  
These shall the brighter shine."

May 19, 1890.

Will J. B.



"The issues of life to be, we weave in  
Colors all our own,

And in the harvest of  
Eternity we reap just what we've sown

Very Truly

W A Caldwell

Concord NH

Nov 24th 1891

Dear Laura,

May your life be long  
and happy.

Sincerely,

Your true friend

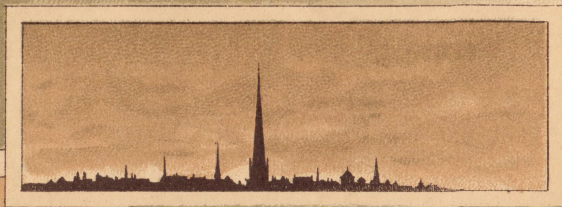
Jessie Cooke

W. Pleasant, N. C.

May 4<sup>th</sup> 1890.







I stood on the bridge at midnight  
As the clocks were striking the hour  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower-

Longfellow.



Dear Laura:

This little emblem of respect

I dedicate to thee

Treat not this emblem with

Dis to remember me.

Most lovingly,

Eora B. Klutz

Troutman, N.C.

Jan 18, 1890,

May your Pathway thro' Life  
be strewn with Roses,





Dearest Laura;

Life is but a great deep ocean  
O'er which we're sailing day by day,  
Sometimes gentle breezes waft us,  
Sometimes storms make mad the way,  
May yours be ever bathed in sunshine  
And for company, choose a mate  
To help you guide the wandering vessel  
Until you pass the fearful gate.

Mt. Pleasant, N. C.

May 4. 1890.

Most sincerely.

Lelia Cooke.





My dearest Laura.

Received of  
Miss [unclear] 1891

May your life be full of happiness  
and love.

With Angels shall whisper "Thy home  
is above".

Your loving friend.

Bella Croser.

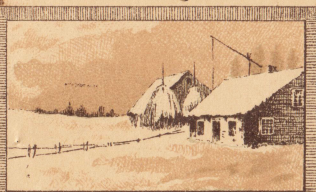
Int. Pleasant, N. C.

Feb. 7-1891.

Miss Alice Black  
Oxford, Miss.



Mrs P. E. Thine  
June 14 1883



But the hurrying host that flew between  
The cloud and the water, no more is seen

Bryant

Yet look again, for the clouds divide  
A gleam of blue on the water lies;  
And far away, on the mountain-side  
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies—  
Flake after flake, At rest in the dark and silent lake



Dear Laura.

Think not though distant thou art  
Thou canst forgotten be.

While memory lives within my heart  
I will remember thee.

Your loving friend  
Lula Esperman.

Barium Springs N. C.

Jan. 18. 1890.

Miss Laura:

"When first I saw  
Your face so fair,  
My heart was filled  
With anxious care."

Y. C. College.  
May 19, 1898.

Yours affectionately,  
W. S. Ledy

Received  
of  
"C" 2  
March 1898





Miss Laura, -

As half in shade and half in sun,  
This world along its path advances,  
May that side the sun's upon  
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.

Very truly,

June 14, 1892.

T. E. Wincoff,  
Centenary College,  
Jackson, La.



Sincerely,

Your friend

Wet Pleasant, &c.

W. C. Linn.

Feb. 12<sup>th</sup>, 1890.

Very truly,

Your teacher,

Feb. 10<sup>m</sup> / 1890.

J. A. Linn.







Through the revelling woods, o'er the sharp rippled stream  
Up the vale slow & swirling itself out of dream  
A round the brown meadow, adown the hill slope,  
The voices of morning, were whispering hope.

Owen Meredith



Dear Laura:

May your cheeks retain their dimples

May your life be just as gay.

'Till some manly voice shall whisper

"Dearest - will you name the day?"

Yours sincerely,

June 23, 1890.

Mollie C. Wisenheimer

Concord, N.C.



Dear Laura:—

When the name that I write is dim  
on the page, And the leaves of your  
album are yellow with age, Still  
think of me kindly, and do not  
forget, That wherever I am, I  
remember you yet.

Lovingly your friend,  
Mt. Pleasant, Alice Kim,  
Mt. C. Feb. 12, 1890.



Dear Richard

Loyal friendship  
pure, and true,  
Such is what  
I feel for you

Your friend  
Eudora Burleigh  
Florence  
A. B.

W. J. P. A.

Feb. 14. 1897



Miss Laura,

May you obtain a reasonable  
amount of happiness in this world,  
and a full enjoyment of it in the  
next.

Yours ever,

Henderson N. Miller

N.C. College,

May 27, 1890.





Miss Laura:-

If I before you slumber  
Oh! let these words tell

That I was one of the number  
Who always loved you well

Respectfully  
Paul H Bernhardt

Also busy night  
May 22nd  
1890



Dear Laura:-

May happiness ever be thy lot  
Wherever thou shalt be,  
And joy and pleasure light the spot  
That may be home to thee,

Your loving friend,  
Wilmington, N. C. Emma C. Kintaff.

1-11-96.



Miss Laura:

"Fill this little interval,  
this pause of life, with all the  
virtues thou canst crowd into it."

J. M. C.

May 18<sup>th</sup>  
1890





~~POETRY~~  
Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,  
Thou dear ideal of my pining heart!  
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,  
Whom I would keep if all the world depart:  
Thou that doth veil the frailest flower with glory,  
Spirit of light, and loveliness, and truth!—  
Thou that didst tell me a sweet fairy story  
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth;—  
Thou who canst weave a halo round the spirit,  
Through which nought mean or evil dare intrude,  
Resume not yet the gift which I inherit  
From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good!  
Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,  
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!  
Thou art the friend—the tenderest—the only,  
With whom, of all, 'twould be despair to part.

MRS. OSGOOD.



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This is the Friendship  
Book of Mrs Laura  
Glass Koediger when  
she was attending  
Mont Auburn Seminary  
in 1890

This was given by  
her daughter